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knock down half a dozen others. There were then numerous instances of fighting on the field, and these created the material for criticism which has done much to injure the sport and is only now beginning to disappear. At present the increasing skill in playing the game makes it necessary that each of the eleven men work with his comrades to accomplish a single move, and the day of the individual player has gone by. The game, doubtless, is still rough; the players are handled without delicacy; but if a boy cannot learn to control himself here and stand up for his own, it will go hard with him when he tries to stand up against the world outside. He has his friends about him here and knows he is sure of support. In the other fight he may be sadly in want of them.

Friends are, indeed, valuable property, and perhaps the chief benefit a young freshman, new to his college and to his fellow collegians, finds in his first year at college is in the friends he chooses. The sports bring him before his fellows, and thus widen the circle of his acquaintances and his opportunity for choosing valuable friends. Some of our fathers, themselves of the great universities, send their hopeful heirs to small colleges because of their fear of these acquaintances, because of their fear of many things they saw in their own day, and finally because of athletics. Small colleges do their good work; but they are like small cities—they do not give you all that is to be had. They turn out great men, but it is not they who make them great. A larger university is only a smaller world; it has all the good and most of the bad qualities of its greater model, and is a good school for that reason alone. It is not the fault of the college that the boy goes wrong, and its size has but little influence one way or the other. How many sins are shifted to the shoulders of some of our great-hearted alma maters!

The boy learns strange things there, as he will elsewhere, but the somewhat stern training that comes to him only through athletics, the systematic life for a few months in the year, the honest friendships made by standing shoulder to shoulder against a common rival, all give him a habit of picking well from his newly-acquired knowledge and of relying on himself; and we can only regret that the training is not more moderate and of longer duration.

It is not a perfect school—far from it; but it puts a little chivalry into a man and gives him an inkling of systematic habits. Let him go his own way, then; play foot-ball hard if he can—it is better than hard dissipation or anything else of the sort; give him the maternal benediction that has no equal, the assurance that woman is holy always, that every man has his good side, that a reasonable amount of modesty is commendable, and that—well, that there are other good points as well, too numerous to mention.

JOSEPH HAMBLÉN SEARS.

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#### DO AMERICANS LOVE MONEY?

A FIXED idea in the European mind is that Americans are incurably enamored of money; that they pass their lives in pursuit of it, and that they care for very little else. When this idea has reached the populace, it is perverted into the belief that every American is rich, and that riches may be had here almost for the asking. The perversion is not much further from the truth than the original idea; but it is easy for us to see how both the one and the other may be credited abroad.

All things are relative. There is so much more money in the new world;

it is so much more distributed and so much more easily made than in the old world that it seems there to be as plenty here as vegetation. And being so comparatively plenty, Europeans, who value it far beyond what we do, naturally think our desire for it excessive and insatiable. They ascribe to us, in short, the feelings they would have under our circumstances.

We are continually lectured by our British kinsmen, often as meddling as they are pharisaical, on our frenzied haste after wealth, and the evil result thereof; while their Continental neighbors echo them in still more dolorous strains. That we strive harder for and bestow far more thought on money than the mass of Europeans is at once conceded. People do not occupy time in trying to get what they know is not to be had. The Laplanders waste no days in laboring to cultivate fruit, nor the Singhalese in seeking snow. For the same reason the great majority of Europeans make no efforts to gain riches, of which they have, indeed, but an abstract notion. Absorbed in earning the scantiest livelihood, they are content with that. They are without ambition or enterprise,—these terms are not in their vocabulary,—being fully satisfied to follow the humble paths trodden by their ancestors for generations. Any sort of surplus is not only beyond their reach, but beyond their hope. It appears to them, if it appears at all, like the visions of the saints or the dawn of the millennium.

Our Country is a new country in more than one sense; it generates new ideas, new hopes, new aspirations; it evolves new destinies for the race. Its citizens feel that all the rewards of life are within their reach; that they can, if they will, lift themselves from poverty to fortune. But only a few prize financial success, or understand how it may be attained. But that it is attainable, that it is possible, is an honor to the Republic and a proof of our democracy. The name of Commonwealth has, with us, a fresh significance, is an additional incentive to exertion.

The old world learns of the millions heaped up here in an incredibly short time by gigantic undertakings, bold speculation, brilliant financiering. Our own newspapers delight to record and exaggerate the monetary achievements of the day. It really seems as if the nation were engaged in a colossal crusade after wealth, as if the whole population were embarked in the pursuit of it, reckless of the means employed. But it is solely seeming. Even here, in the land of plenty and promise, most of us remain poor, and go to our graves without an effort to secure other than a modest competence, which is a duty—and yet generally neglected—we owe to ourselves and those dependent on us. As a people we distinctly do not love money. The exact reverse of the widespread opinion of the national love of money is really true.

Daily examples, within the circles of our individual observation, denote this. Money is superabundant. Any one may get it, in moderation, if he cares to. It is not properly appreciated; it is too plentiful to be valued. It comes easily, and goes easily. It slips through our fingers—how, when, or where, we are not concerned to know. We constantly disregard financial opportunities; we live monetarily to-day, taking no heed of the morrow.

Do we love money? What we love we want to keep, to increase, to monopolize; not to spend, to waste, to share, as the average American does with such sums as fall to his lot. If we loved money, we should guard it zealously; add to it with watchfulness, toil, and pains; strike furiously at him who would aim to deprive us of the least portion. Is this our dispo-

sition or our habit? Are we inclined to hoard? Hoarding is an old-world custom, which we do not sympathize with or understand. Foreigners, when they come to our shores, are apt to relinquish the custom; for liberality is in the air. They cease to be anxious to augment what is to be had on every hand, what is accounted of minor importance. A native miser of the true breed is seldom heard of, is almost a contradiction in terms. Misers here, when discoverable, are found to be of alien blood, and governed by trans-Atlantic influences.

Americans, some of them, unquestionably love to make money. They enjoy the excitement of pursuit, the frequent difficulty of its procurement in vast amounts, the pleasure of management, manipulation, and successful outcome. They relish the game rather than its stakes, the power they exercise rather than the possession. But they are scarcely representative. They are, as a rule, the born money-makers, exceptional everywhere. They have a genius for their vocation, which is irrepressible, and is strengthened by indulgence. It is perfectly natural that they should obey their instincts; follow the bent of their minds, the drift of their being. Even without offered prizes, they would catch the scent, and run with the hounds. It is in their blood, and in harmony with their temperament.

But this disposition hardly springs from a love of money—very different from a love of making it. After money has been acquired, to whatever extent, it does not satisfy these fortune-chasers, who continue the chase for the sake of the chase. It is of these that we are always hearing. Their performances are rehearsed and repeated in hyperbolic phrase, orally and in print, until they appear to be a direct outgrowth of the Country and examples of its mercenariness.

Europe takes them up, declares them to be veritable types of our people, and significant of the coming decline of the Republic. Such homilies as they occasion at home and abroad would be tiresome if they were not so over-pitched as to be diverting. They always speak of this inappetent appetite for gain as if it were a moral disease indigenous to the United States and produced by popular institutions. They seldom concede that it is largely due to the energy, the restlessness, the keen perception, the mental alertness, the passion for success, the delight in achievement, which are among the features of Western civilization. They neglect to say that these money-makers are equally money-spenders, that squandering is as pleasurable as winning. Such an admission would show what has been asserted, that the desire for acquisition entirely outweighs greed.

Americans who embark in big enterprises, who take great financial risks, and are lucky in them, generally sustain heavy losses again and again, and, oftener than not, are reduced to poverty. The fearless and prosperous operators of a few years ago have already passed out of sight, and others have come in their stead, and will always be coming. There is a regular succession in every prominent city of triumphs and defeats in every commercial field.

Wall Street and the Produce Exchange bear witness to this. The monetary leaders seldom last. They coruscate for a while, and then their final spark goes out. In a hundred markets, all over the land, one may meet men who have been millionaires, and are now bankrupts. They may be millionaires once more. Rarely, unless very old, do they surrender hope or ambition. They silently watch the wheel, expecting that it may yet come round again. If it does not, they are silent also. If you grow intimate with

them, they may repeat a chapter here and there of their unwritten biography as an illustration of the way the world goes, and smile as they recount it. They have had experience, ever valuable, they will say, and have learned certain lessons in life, which is sufficient compensation, in the absence of any other.

Commend us to the pure American for calmness and philosophy, under crucial circumstances! He is at base a stoic. Stoicism is his rational and national religion.

Foreign critics are lost in wonderment at the resignation of our people to sudden change of fortune, so common here as barely to attract notice. They admit that we slip from wealth to ruin without depression or complaint. Where Europeans would go mad, or commit suicide, we gather up the fragments and resolve to try again. We turn from the darkness of the night to the radiance of the unborn day, and feel stronger for what we have endured.

This is the best evidence that we have no love of money as money; that we are fond of making it for the employment it furnishes to the active brain and the industrious body; that, having lost it, we are ready and eager to stand up, and have another tussle with fortune, and, if need be, still another and another. We have any number of examples of men who have spent half a dozen times their inherited or acquired riches, and, at their last spending, have not repined.

There is scarcely a record of an American of unadulterated stock who has been a murderer from pecuniary motive. If we want money, we get it in dramatic fashion; in quaint, pictorial style. Making millions is our way of dealing practically with the romance that lurks in our fervid souls. We are generous to a fault, extravagant, prodigal,—what you will; but in regard to love of money we are so inconstant as to argue ourselves unworthy and incapable of such love.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

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### THE POOR MAN AT HARVARD.

THE representative spirit at Harvard is a high and manly one, notwithstanding the numerous statements and the current belief to the contrary. The fast set is limited in number, and the set of snobs, though numerous, is smaller than is generally believed. Harvard is a little world in itself, where young men of all kinds of character and ability have come together ostensibly for the training which the college offers them. Some work only for the degree which is offered for four years of successful work, and a few do not seem to care even for that. While it is the common belief that Harvard is a college for the rich, I have no hesitancy in stating that the majority of students have at their command a very limited allowance, either because of the wisdom of their parents or because of actual poverty.

The really poor man naturally does much studying, for he has an object in view, and, since his money is hard earned, he tries in every way to get the utmost possible return from its expenditure. Usually such men have ability, and this, added to their earnestness, guarantees them a leading place among the scholars of the college. Yet among the class of men in moderate circumstances there are men of equal ability and earnestness, and since they have not the worry which the poorer men have, it is often to them that the